

Table of Contents

1. [The Ball Dropped](#)

The Ball Dropped

[image]

To those who have been waiting for a while now. I apologize for how long this rewrite has taken. But it's finally happening. Thank you all for the support these past few years.

(this takes place in 2019)

Americas POV:

On a normal day I'd be thinking about politics. How everything has the chance to be fake. Everyone has lies, tell them often. Secrets are no stranger to governments from across the world and time. It's nothing new to me. But currently that has no reason to go through my head.

For I am currently dancing on a table, my sunglasses reflecting the bright neon lights of the dark bar room we are in. In one hand I hold a bottle of hard sparkling apple cider, in the other is a karaoke mic, into which I am practically screaming the words of P!nks Raise Your Glass. It is 11:37 at night on New Year's Eve and personally, I have no care in the world what anyone thinks at the moment. Why would I care? I'm having the time of my life up here!

Britain's POV:

Honestly, why do I even bother coming to these things? I never enjoy these obnoxious, loud, and honestly annoying events. So why do I keep coming? I can't remember why I always make myself join, my brother England is probably reading a book at home having the time of his life with the house empty.

But nay, I am here at Ireland's bar, watching one of my sons singing karaoke on a table because the floor is for the weak or something like that. The table he is dancing on is seating his three close brothers, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. He has a few others, but he's technically related to any of them I suppose. But that's not

the point here. The point is that everyone here is singing and it's much too loud.

But alas, I must wait. I leave as soon as the hall drops in the first place, then I leave. I try to zone out, but then America stops singing and it breaks the noise up. Then one by one people go up and sang songs in various genres and dialects. America and his tippy self sings in as many as he can manage with his multi linguistic skill set.

Third Person's POV:

The group of brothers sat down together as the karaoke machine was turned off and the TV was changed to the news. The ball was sitting in the sky and the crowds of humans beneath it were quiet. Then the counting.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!!" Almost everyone screamed loudly at the top of their lungs.

America began dancing once more, spinning in quick right circles swinging his arms like a top. And thus the first domino falls.

Americas POV:

I broke away from my family to dance my drunken self to smitherens. I'm so happy, so exhilarated. Nothing could possible deter such pure joy. As i think such a thought I feel something slip out of my sleeve. My heart sinks as I see it in the corner of my eye. It flies across the room and smacks the back wall behind my dad.

I instantly stop and try to run after it, but I'm so drunk and dizzy from the spinning that I trip on air and fall on the floor. I scrambled to get back up and lunged at the back corner of the room to grab it. I grabbed it and happed that no one saw it. I pick it up and slip it into my sleeve again. I stand up and look at the rest of the room. They were all staring at me in silence. Oh god, what do I do?

Britain POV:

As I sit there and watch everyone scream in drunken joy something flies by my face. I hear it smack the wall behind me and then see

America fall flat on the floor in a scrambled panic. I look behind me and see some scribbled writing on a medication bottle. Before America got back up I managed to take a quick picture. His handwriting is terrible so I'll need to analyze it better. He jumped at the bottle and got up quickly. When he turned to us a look of fear crossed his entire body. His small levitating wings were just as tense as the rest of him.

I stood up to ask him about the medicine, but the sound of my chair scraping the floor spooked him even more and he sprinted out the door into the rain. As we watched him run away I began to pack my things. "He's just drunk." Russia justified quickly with a shrug, before taking another sip of his own drink. Some others nodded worriedly in agreement.

"Come on Russ, we've seen America drunker than that, and he's never acted like that. He's a happy drunk, not a scared one." Mexico said, rebuking Russia's take on the situation. More people agreed with Mexico, even Russia went back on his statement and agreed. Others began making excuses on his behalf or accusing him of various things. "We probably scared him when we all stared at him like that." Canada said. "Oh come on, he loves attention." Australia disagreed.

As they were discussing this I had finished my drink and grabbed my things. I was looking at the picture I took and it didn't look like English at all. It didn't use Roman letters. I look around the room, maybe one of the Japan twins would know? They are also polyglots. I walk over to them both; who were still drinking and set down my phone in front of them. "Do you know what this says?" I ask. Nihon, a very intelligent doctor in the magical world, looks down at it. "It's incredibly sloppy." He says. His twin sister, also named Nihon, is an artist and works with magic too.

It can get confusing so we have various nicknames for them both. We usually call the doctor Yen, because he used to always talk about how he would help make the economy strong again. He did. The artist we call Sumi because of her obsession with drawing. They both analyzed it for a little while. Sumi put her drink down. "I think it just says 'joy'." She concluded. Yen looked at it closer. "That's what I think as well." He said; sitting back in his chair.

"Thank you both." I say before walking towards the door.

Americas POV:

I'm petrified, what am I supposed to do? What do I say? In the midst of my thoughts I hear a loud noise and just run for it. I slam the door open and just run for my life. The rain soaks my clothes and fogges my sunglasses. The tape holding said sunglasses on seems to be failing from the rain. I don't care, I have spares at home. They eventually fall off and I hear them hit the ground.

I keep on running and I make it to my house. I fumble in my pockets for the keys. I find it and open my front door. I shut the door and try to breathe. I flipped the light switch on and hung up my keys on the wall. I take off my shoes, they are covered in mud and soaked. I trudge my way upstairs to my bathroom and take a warm shower.

After my shower I feel much better. I went to my bedroom, as disastrous as it is, and changed into some pajamas. Then I took a pill and passed out on my bed.

Like I said in my post. I hope this is better than the last rendition. I do hope you enjoyed it. Anyways, toodahoo

- Grilly